WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT ASIA . . By Quaritch Wales

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Sumner Welles
Reviewed by Vera Micheles Dean

"SIMONE"
by Lion Feuchtwanger
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"THE GREAT DECISION"
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"A MAN'S REACH"
by Charles Morrow Wilson
Reviewed by Paul I. Wellman

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Paul Schubert

—Drawing by Frances O Brien Garfield

LION FEUCHTWANGER'S "Simone" is "one of his best books, admirable not least in its brevity." (See page 6)

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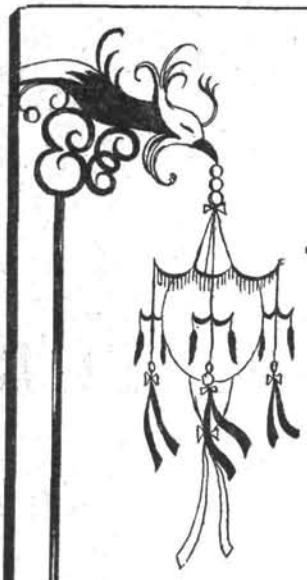

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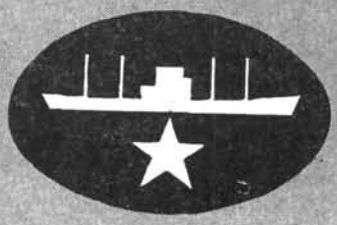

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FARRAR & RINEHART, N.Y.

WHEN LIMPING JOHN conjured another bottle of tequila out of the frantic innkeeper, both he and heaven knew it was no miracle. But the people along the Camp Verde Creek in Texas whispered loudly: "He is *El Diablo.*" Did they not have proof? He limped a little, they had never seen him with his boots off — and he made such music with his fiddle. Poor Don Gavino, the innkeeper, swore Limping John's voice was like thunder, that flashes of lightning came like pitchforks out of his eyes . . .

WHEN he raised Don Martin from the dead (who was not dead at all) and enchanted a grateful woman into the grave (who was beaten to death by her husband) the subtle magic of belief began to work on Limping John's own scepticism. When a dead baby cried out in the night, he too believed. . .

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THE MAGIC OF LIMPING JOHN

By FRANK GOODWYN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What We Don't Know About Asia

Undeserving of Eastern Good Will, We Take It for Granted

QUARITCH WALES

UNOBTRUSIVELY indeed, for news of such moment, there recently appeared in *The New York Times* "Book-Authors" column the following announcement: "Word has reached the John Day Company that President Chiang Kai-shek has become so interested in Lin Yutang's new book 'Between Tears and Laughter', that he has instructed the Ministry of Education to arrange for early publication of a Chinese edition."

Now this is the book that so deeply shocked American reviewers last summer. The gentle philosopher, whose former works had so captivated the American public, had suddenly turned upon them and told the Western World (both Europeans *and Americans*) exactly what he thought of them. The burden of his diatribe, for such it was taken to be, is a thoroughgoing condemnation of the materialistic West, its desire to thrust its new found standards of living upon the ageless East, and its lack of a philosophy of peace without which, the author believes, a third world war is inevitable. And now we have the Generalissimo, of all people, not only expressing great interest in the book, but so far approving of its content as to order a Chinese edition to be prepared for distribution throughout the length and breadth of the land!

Surely there could be no higher confirmation of the correctness of Pearl Buck's dictum that "this is not the book of one angry man, it is the voice of a whole angry people. Do not think for one moment that the Chinese government would not stop Lin Yutang or the Chinese people repudiate Lin Yutang if they wanted to do so. The Chinese government and people agree with him and encourage him."

Even were no such confirmation available the utterances of so profound a thinker as Lin Yutang could scarcely be ignored. But there would further seem to be reason to believe that "Between Tears and Laughter" reflects not only China's but all Asia's attitude toward us (again Americans as well as Europeans). Take for example, two typical comments of the Indian press: From the *Hindustan Times* (edited by Mahatma Gandhi's son): "No one in this country has asked or will ask active intervention by the United States in Indian problems." From *Dawn* (Ali Jinnah's paper): "The Moslems of India will have no intervention, no arbitration, no interference by any outside agency—American, Chinese, or Russian, or all three rolled into one."

Perhaps we are inclined to discount such primarily political expressions of opinion. In that case let us hear the views of a disinterested and highly cultured Indian scholar, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy of Boston, who from his life-long immersion in the wisdom and philosophy of the East can rightly claim to speak not for the "too often 'spoilt' Orientals with whom you are able to converse, but for a majority, literate and illiterate, that is not vocal, partly by inclination, and partly because in more than one sense, they do not speak your language."

In a recent striking article in *Asia and the Americas*, aptly entitled "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Dr. Coomaraswamy deplores the "proselytizing fury" of the Westerner which aims to "raise living standards" without counting the cost to the Asiatic. And in his condemnation Dr. Coomaraswamy includes not merely the "chain belt" of industry (so suggestive of the "chain gang" he feels) but even the export of our education: "If reading and writing are to enable the Indian and Chinese masses to read what the Western proletariat reads, they will remain better off, from any cultural point of view, with their more classical literature of which all have oral knowledge."

—*Mergen in the* Miami *(Florida)* News

"Amen!!!"

ALL this is as startling as it is disconcerting. However, just as some of us are beginning to get a bit uncertain of our ground, and are perhaps making ready to discard a few of our old preconceived notions, a book appears that seems calculated to give us pause. It is "Mother America," by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo, a work distinguished by the great merit of a cultural rather than the economic approach that is all too frequent in recent books dealing with Asia's problems.

The author reassures us. Contrary to Lin Yutang and Coomaraswamy he tells us that Americans, at any rate, are on the right lines after all. While British, Dutch, and French colonial methods are soundly excoriated it is satisfactory indeed to find the American system in the Philippines held up to the highest praise. Even more gratifying is the main theme of Colonel Romulo's book, namely, that if the United Nations wish to establish permanent peace in the Far East the only way is to follow the policy applied with such conspicuous success in the Philippines. "There is no problem in the Orient" says Colonel Romulo, "that cannot be solved by the American pattern." "Mother America" was hailed by the critics with unqualified approval.

Nor does it stand alone. Its viewpoint is in a sense supported by another recent book, "The Future of South-East Asia." The author, K. M.

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Panikkar, is an Indian intellectual, a historical scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, and well known in India as an able administrator who has devoted most of his career to the service of the princes. He agrees with Colonel Romulo that there is no more room for the old "colonialism," though his condemnation of it is less sweeping. And looking beyond the attainment of independence he feels that the future peace and welfare both of India and of Southeast Asia depend on the creation of a new relationship between them and their respective mother countries, "the transformation of the existing idea of control to one of friendly and voluntary association in the promotion of mutual interests." Thus, while a free and self-governing India and Burma are to be allied with Britain on a basis of mutual equality and cooperation, Indonesia is to enter an "integral partnership" with Holland. As to Indo-China, since "the French spirit is one which Asia can ill afford to lose . . . France could still have her window on the Pacific."

So far Mr. Panikkar's planning seems to have made less appeal in the United States than in England. Nevertheless, that both Mr. Panikkar and Colonel Romulo share a common belief in the value of Western influence in the solution of Asia's post-war problems comes out in such expressions as the former's dread of a "relapse to orientalism" and the latter's contention that "we must strike at the very root of India, which is its religion."

Obviously then we are confronted in these recent publications by two conflicting schools of interpretation, the one represented by Lin Yutang and Coomaraswamy, the other by Romulo and Panikkar. Is there any means by which we can decide which school really does represent the mass of Asiatic opinion? At a time when post-war policies between East and West are at stake, it is important that there should be no flaw in our judgment since one false step could lead to new disaster.

Fortunately there is a well-ascertained phenomenon in Asia today that can help us. It is common knowledge that Asiatics now are hurrying on to complete mastery of that Western material technique we have thrust upon them and which, however much they may despise it, they know must be theirs before they can meet the West on equal terms. The conclusion of this war will see the great bulk of Asiatics, where previously it was the Janapese, emerging from the subservient imitative stage that characterized their relations with the hated and feared West until just recently. At the same time they have become conscious of the spiritual strength that they can draw

Lin Yutang

from a renewed appreciation of their age-old cultural heritage. They are no more prepared to accept our unmodified Western ideas and institutions than they are willing to submit to further physical bondage. This is the secret of Gandhi's hold over India's illiterate, though by no means uncultured, masses. It explains, too, the significance of Chiang Kai-shek's New Life Movement. And it would be idle, too, to suppose that the incipient flame of this revival, which was already evident in Southeast Asia before the war, has not been greatly fanned by Japanese cultural propaganda.

IT is of the existence of this cultural renascence in present-day Asia that it is essential for us to take cognizance. Against this background we can scarcely fail to recognize that Lin Yutang and Coomaraswamy do indeed speak for the vast majority of Asiatics with whom we shall have to deal in the post-war world. To clinch the point it is only necessary to explain why Romulo and Panikkar think otherwise.

Colonel Romulo himself provides us with the necessary explanation. His acquaintance with Asiatics other than Filipinos, he says, is based on a pre-Pearl Harbor journalistic tour through the Far East "to gather the opinions of fellow Orientals whose languages I could not speak and whose ways I did not share." And it is not easy for him to understand them on such limited acquaintance since, as he says, after nearly four hundred years of Christianity and Western civilization, Filipinos "never again would be true Orientals." They had never been reached by any of the great religious cultures of Asia. On the contrary their "understanding and sympathy lay with the West . . . cultural, religious, and political ties form a closer relationship than those of race." Hence "that we (the Filipinos) were better prepared to absorb democratic principles than any other nation was due to our Spanish heritage and our Christian training." Thus, while "Mother America" does excellent work in bringing to the reader's attention the need to prepare the subject peoples for independence in accordance with a definite timetable, one may hesitate on the evidence the author himself adduces to accept either the conclusion that the methods that proved so successful in the Philippines can be equally well applied throughout Southeast Asia, or the generalization that "there is no problem in the Orient that cannot be solved on the American pattern."

We have to dig a little more deeply to appreciate the reasoning that has led Mr. Panikkar to arrive at conclusions paralleling those of Colonel Romulo. At first one is puzzled that the author, especially in a book entitled "The Future of South-East Asia," should be at pains to advocate the cause of Pakistan (the proposed separate Moslem State in India), which, like Hindustan and Burma, we are told, is to be a free state bound by alliance to Britain. Then one remembers that Mr. Panikkar has for years filled the important position of Secretary to the Chamber of Princes. Though so much is said of the future of Pakistan and Hindustan there is in all this book not one word as to the fate of the Native States, a subject which one feels must be near and dear to the author. Nor is there need for such word. It follows that if the relations of Pakistan, Hindustan, and Burma are all to be thus crystallized within what the author calls a "new Indian Empire," the present rights and privileges of the Indian princes will be automatically safeguarded and guaranteed in a Rajistan (princely India) also allied to Britain. But while Mr. Panikkar thus indirectly strikes a blow on behalf of the princes' status quo, it has to be said that it is just such preoccupation with regional or communal issues that must tend to delay India's assumption of her proper role of leadership in Asia.

Moreover, the author's proposals are somewhat naive. There is all too little evidence that the majority of Indians favor "dominion status" rather than actual independence. And it is doubtful if the bitter nationalist feeling that agitated Southeast Asia during recent decades, and which will certainly be revived after liberation from the Japanese yoke, suggests that the peoples of this region are likely to be satisfied with these proposed "partnerships." Yet Mr. Panikkar, unlike Colonel Romulo, is not insensible to the real issue, namely that the peoples of Southeast Asia, other than the Fili-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Story of a Burgundian Girl

SIMONE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

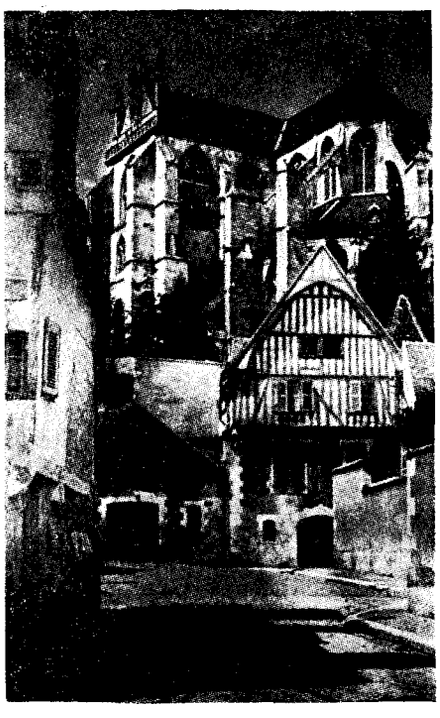
Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MR. FEUCHTWANGER'S new novel is of France in the spring and summer of 1940. It must challenge comparison with Storm Jameson's wonderful and clear reconstruction, "Cloudless May"; and I do not think it is so notable or so wise a book as hers. For Mr. Feuchtwanger, in his story of a Burgundian girl, who symbolizes the spirit of France, makes the error of too sharp a division between the good and evil in men, and in causes. All on the left are good; all on the right are bad: and if Simone herself is above and beyond party politics, as was her prototype Joan of Arc, she has, again like Joan, only the heroic and superb role of sacrifice and salvation. She needs no patient policies, no paltering with motives, nor weighing in any scales the troubled confusion of ordinary mortals, for whom even possession can be a symbol of patriotism, and convention a road to liberty.

Once this criticism has been made, one can say "Simone" is one of Mr. Feuchtwanger's best books, admirable not least in its brevity, in its firm sense of direction, and in the sharp, occasionally brutal characterization and analysis of motives. It is, so far as the author can compass that kind, almost a lyrical book; and his profound affection and respect for Simone are infectious. From the moment she first walks, with her great shopping-basket, past the throng of miserable refugees, to the stores of St. Martin, she is lovable; and we watch eagerly for the development of this girl who has suffered so harsh a discipline in her private life, and has a burning sympathy for the public woe she witnesses, for the despair of her country on the eve of the surrender to Germany.

Simone is the orphan daughter of Pierre Blanchard; she lives with Prosper Blanchard, her father's step-brother, and Prosper's terrible old mother, a figure almost as horrible as the unseen terror who dominates in Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles." Prosper is the leading business man in his Burgundian town: a great employer of labor, owner of many trucks, omnibuses, and other means of transport. Pierre was an idealist, and came to a mysterious end while investigating the labor conditions of French businesses in Africa. Simone was only five years old when he died; but her memory of him is kept fresh by his friends such as Bastide, the old socialist bookbinder, and those who are too timid to be his friends, such as Cordellier, the deputy prefect. Bastide lends Simone three books on Joan of Arc. As she reads them in her bed, under the hot roof (she lives in the servant's quarters of the great house of Monrepos), gradually, in dreams and in day-dreams, Simone begins to identify herself with St. Joan. Continually she hears in her ears, as the harsh circumstances of war and conquest compel everyone to decide, the old message—"When, if not now? And who else, if not you?"

She listens to the gossip and alarm in the town. She goes on with her duties as cook and servant. She listens to Uncle Prosper's declarations of patriotism, and to the demands made on him by the local officials, who are afraid to press them. She hears also the acid contempt of Maurice, truck-driver and a communist, who is certain "Joe Blow" as he calls Prosper, will sell out to the Germans. She has admired her uncle: very slowly she begins to realize that he is a weak man, shackled by his wealth, and ready to toady to the chatelain, who is a fascist. Yet, when the Germans are nearly in St. Martin, surely he will act; and, as the French authorities have ordered, blow up his gasoline tanks and destroy his trucks so that they cannot fall into the hands of the enemy, to be used against France. But he delays: and, at last, inspired by a fresh vision of Joan, Simone decides to act for him. So a brief time before the German Army takes over, the Blanchard plant is completely destroyed. And Simone waits to be thanked.



—Photo by Samuel Chamberlin from "France Will Live Again."

Church of St. Germain, Auxerre, Burgundy.

Instead she is kept a prisoner in Villa Monrepos. Uncle Prosper runs around, backed by the Marquis de Sant-Brisson, to see whether he can recover his position, be allowed to work again, for the German authorities. At last he learns of a way out. The Germans are furious at the destruction of the plant. If it can be proved, in a French court of justice, that the motive behind the act was not patriotic, but the spite of an adolescent girl, who hated Prosper's mother, then Prosper may creep into favor. Prosper approaches Simone, pleads with her, commends her action, and is sure she does not want the permanent ruin of her uncle and the collapse of his business. Will she sign a confession that she destroyed the plant out of personal resentment of Madame's tyranny? Simone refuses. He urges and begs insistently. Assures her that the paper is a mere formality; that all the people know and admire her devoted and heroic act; that this paper is only to deceive and placate the Germans. A mere form. At last she yields and signs. Then Prosper and her enemies strike, and protected by German might and the vileness of French traitors, Simone is condemned and committed to prison. And so her story ends.

It is a moving tale, and towards the end the sense of pace, of urgency, is admirably increased. As a political tract it is partial, and does not display that deep knowledge of provincial France which made "Cloudless May" so notable. Excellent, however, is the picture of the period of distraction: and in a few sentences, Mr. Feuchtwanger vividly describes the desperate indecision which symbolizes the weakness of the government and the army:

> At one moment they thought they should leave by all means; the next moment they were just as sure that they should stay; and when Father was in favor of remaining, Mother argued for leaving. They packed; they found they had packed the wrong things; they repacked; they decided to remain; they unpacked again.

That distraction, we can believe, ended long ago for the vast majority of Frenchmen in and out of France; France is stripping now for the grim and joyful business of liberation. And Simone is a worthy precursor of that re-arising France.

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A Planner Writes on World Planning

THE TIME FOR DECISION. By Sumner Welles. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 431 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE closer the United Nations come to the possibility of military victory, the more hungry people all over the world become for any hint of how another holocaust can be averted in the future. For the most part, it is pretty dry and tasteless fare that the experts dish up to satisfy this agonized hunger. And those who do succeed in painting a tempting picture of the future are open to the suspicion of creating mirages that allure, only to deceive, weary travelers through the wastelands of the war. It sometimes seems that man, who has displayed such great ingenuity in devising the instruments of war, is impotent to forge the tools of peace.

The paucity of material on problems of post-war organization that is both convincing and interesting makes all the more welcome Sumner Welles's meaty book, "The Time for Decision." The former Undersecretary of State does not command the literary skill of Walter Lippmann. His book would have benefited by editorial pruning, and his style of writing—in contrast to his eloquent speeches—retains too many overtones of formal diplomatic statements to be always effective. But his book is crammed with mature and stimulating comment on this country's foreign policy during the critical inter-war years—comment offered by a man versed in the pitfalls of practical politics who does not hesitate to speak his mind on controversial questions—notably Spain and Argentina. Mr. Welles has made a major contribution to the writing of the history of our times.

The theme that recurs again and again in "The Time for Decision" is the difficulty, under our system of government, of achieving a workable partnership between the executive, the legislature, and public opinion in the formulation of foreign policy. Mr. Welles points out that at every critical moment in the past decade the determination of the American people to avoid involvement in war weakened, or actually paralyzed, President Roosevelt in such attempts as he made or planned to make to influence the course of events in Europe and Asia. In reporting, with a wealth of fascinating detail, on his mission to Europe during the sad, chill winter of "phony war" in 1940, he mentions that at that time —on the eve of Hitler's invasion of Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, and France—American public opinion had, "except in one or two sections of the country, reached another climax of out-and-out isolationism. Popular feeling demanded that the Government refrain from any action, and even from any gesture, which might conceivably involve the United States with the warring powers."

Under the circumstances, in spite of the fact that the United States was at that time the greatest industrial and, potentially, the greatest military power in the world, its threats, warnings, and promises carried no weight; and, as Mr. Welles says, his mission to Rome, Berlin, Paris, and London "was a forlorn mission." Only one thing, he believes, "could have deflected Hitler from his purpose: the sure knowledge that the power of the United States would be directed against him if he attempted to carry out his intention of conquering the world by force." But at that juncture no representative of the United States Government "could have been authorized to intimate any such thing."

Mr. Welles's analysis raises several fundamental questions that have an immediate bearing on the conduct of our foreign policy during the balance of the war and after. First of all, are present or former members of the Administration, in thus emphasizing the role of public opinion, merely passing the buck to the people for their own mistakes of judgment and failures to act at crucial moments—as, for example, in our policy toward Spain during the civil war, which Mr. Welles describes unequivocally as "the most disastrous" of "all our blind isolationist policies." Is it not the role of the President, after he and his advisers have canvassed all sources of responsible opinion, to chart an active and constructive course?

Sumner Welles

In practice, the people en masse cannot formulate policy. What they can and should do is indicate their choice between possible courses. To do that, however, they must have some general idea of the choices open to the United States at any given moment. It is true, as Mr. Welles contends, that the Government should inform the public more adequately and continuously than in the past. But actually the public had a vast amount of information at its disposal in the inter-war years—information supplied not only by statements of Government officials, but by newspaper correspondents and radio commentators unmatched in any other country for competence and frankness. The events of the past quarter of a century demonstrate that it is not enough for the citizen to *know* about international affairs. He must also have ways and means of *putting his knowledge to work* by conveying his views to his representatives in Congress and to the President—not six months or a year after the event, but right at the time when policy is being shaped on any specific issue.

Assuming that the people do succeed in sending to Congress Representatives and Senators who can speak for them effectively on foreign, as well as domestic, affairs—that would still be only half the battle. For then comes the question of how Congressmen can become intimately acquainted with the conduct of foreign policy and, in turn, make *their* views known to the State Department and the President—again not when a course of action has been irrevocably chosen, or a treaty has been negotiated, but while policy is still in the making. Mr. Hull has succeeded, to some extent, in this baffling task of forging a link between the executive and the legislature—primarily because of the personal prestige he enjoys with many Congressmen. But collaboration between Congress and the State Department should not depend on the personality and political acumen of any given Secretary of State. There should be some permanent machinery through which the State Department could inform other Government agencies and Congress about current negotiations and future plans and, in turn, should be informed by Congress concerning the state of public opinion.

Such machinery of consultation is particularly needed at this moment, when the country begins to weigh

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various proposals for world organization. To this discussion Mr. Welles contributes arguments far more favorable to some overall international framework than those of Walter Lippmann in "U. S. War Aims." As is well known, Mr. Welles favors the immediate creation of a political council of the United Nations, in which all countries, great and small, would be represented—in contrast to proposals for a "nuclear alliance" of the four great powers. He agrees with Mr. Lippmann that the four great powers "primarily responsible for winning the war and for preventing renewed outbreaks after the armistice must necessarily assume the basic responsibility for making and carrying out all military decisions," but believes that all nations should have a voice in an organization which would determine the political and economic problems already created by the war and those that will come after. This organization, he thinks, cannot be patterned too closely on the Pan-American Union, nor can it be built on exactly the same foundation as the League of Nations. Within the framework of the international organization he envisages, however, he favors the formation of regional systems. While Mr. Lippmann works from the particular—the region —to the universal, Mr. Welles works from the universal to the particular. He does not pretend to have all the answers—but neither does he hesitate to touch on most of the problems that are at the center of current discussions of the post-war world.

It is refreshing, in the welter of wishful thinking or defeatist pessimism heard so frequently today, to have the views of a man who has had enough experience with politics to know that, while Utopia is not attainable, gradual improvement is not Utopian. His opinions may dash some unjustified hopes—but they will also dispel unjustified qualms about prospects for international organization.

Curtain Going Up on a World

THE GREAT DECISION. By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 268 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. M. McIver

THE Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has published, under the editorship of Professor Shotwell, no fewer than one hundred and fifty volumes dealing with the First World War. It is perhaps not too wild a guess that no man except Professor Shotwell has read them all. Certainly he is one of the most learned and indefatigable students of international affairs. He has had in addition the behind-the-scenes experience of membership in the group which prepared the American dossiers for the Versailles peace table. Among various more recent activities he organized the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, which for the past four years has been grappling with the manifold problems falling within its scope. The book before us presents, on the whole, the positions taken by this body.

If then we express our disappointment with the result it is in no spirit of light-hearted criticism or with any lack of respect for the unremitting devotion of its author to the cause of peace. But such considerations should not blunt the edge of judgment when we weigh proposals directed to those policies on which the future well-being of the whole earth depends.

The main portion of the book is concerned with "the fundamentals of the organization of lasting peace." First place is given to "British-American coöperation." "This most immediate need of civilization" should be met under the form of an "understanding," not of a treaty. Next in order comes the post-war association of the Great Powers, preëminently the Big Three, with China as a sort of courtesy Fourth. Professor Shotwell vindicates his faith in the continuation of the Big Three League by a curious chapter on Soviet Russia, but the brief is more diplomatic than convincing. Beyond this circle spread the United Nations. In all matters relating to war the United Nations "must recognize the definite leadership of the Great Powers." Each of the Great Powers still retains, however, its complete liberty of action. No one is under obligation to accept a decision of the rest with which it disagrees. Finally, the United Nations would be enlarged to include the enemy countries. A time would come when they would be eligible for admission — on meeting certain entrance tests. Test number one is acceptance of the Atlantic Charter. Professor Shotwell does not explain whether they must accept it "in principle" or in practice. The latter requirement might prove awkward for a Russia ruled by Mr. Stalin and an England led by Mr. Churchill.

There is practically nothing about territorial settlements, in Europe or in Asia, nothing about the disposition of colonies, nothing about the scale of reparations and indemnities, practically nothing about the general treatment of enemy countries, except that some "curative surgery" must be applied to them. But surely what is done in these respects must profoundly affect the very possibility of a lasting peace. Professor Shotwell lets sleeping dogs lie as though he knew a secret charm to keep them ever from waking. There is nothing about France's position in this post-war system of the Great Powers, nothing about Italy. There is practically nothing about the entire realignment of power politics that the industrialization of the Orient is making inevitable. And there is no question raised about the willingness of some fifty "smaller nations" to be good little boys and accept the "graded responsibility" offered them under the aegis of the Great Powers.

How then is the stability of peace to be implemented in the new world organization, which by "inescapable conclusion" will be "very similar" to the League of Nations? The author quotes the words of Briand that for settlement by force we must substitute settlement by law. But he offers us no *law*. There is to be international enforcement, but only of what the Great Powers, otherwise identified as the "peace-loving nations," have *unanimously* approved. International law is to be "reformed," not by turning it into genuine law, but by "denying the legitimacy of war as an instrument of national policy"—as was done in the futile Briand-Kellogg Pact. There is much about conciliation, arbitration, and conference. And there is the remarkable argument that though these methods did not prevent the Second World War the fault lay not in the machinery of prevention but in the wickedness of our enemies. So we must keep them permanently disarmed—while the "peace-loving nations" should reduce their armaments "to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations."

It sounds so old a story, and so forlorn a hope. How can a scholar of the caliber and broad sympathies of Professor Shotwell accept this mere projection of the war-time status quo as "a victory over war itself"? Perhaps because he is afraid of history. History, in his book, shows us this and teaches us that. We must proceed, he tells us, a step at a time. We must not move too fast for "history." But history is made by men who ignore it. There we have one thing history teaches. All great decisions are breaks with history. All great events are without historical precedent. If after this second world convulsion any "great decision" is really taken it will be something far more resounding and far more history-making than the pallid propositions of Professor Shotwell.

Images Via Word and Line

ARTIST AT WAR. By George Biddle. New York: Viking Press. 1944. 241 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

PERHAPS this review will give to George Biddle's book more importance than it deserves. That will be an error on the right side, for this is a source book on war, of the rare sort to which men and women will turn now and in time to come, in order to answer the question: "How was war?"

Let me begin with two points: the book was written by a man who had been a combatant soldier before and who acted like a soldier in this job of reporting; and although it is written by a man who is primarily a graphic artist, and one whose mission was to make drawings of war, it is nevertheless a book that has its first and greatest importance as a book of words by an educated man. I do not mean to say that the sixteen gravure illustrations, or the forty-odd line drawings, are unimportant, for they are not. Some of the drawings are brilliant, and some have great purity of line (like those on pages 43 and 215); all of them add to the understanding of the book as a whole; and the conception which made them possible is of itself a valuable and a valid one. But something got between the artist and his grim subjects, and the resultant work is so objective that it has been robbed of that passion which informs the writing throughout. It is possible that Mr. Biddle's own conception that "Art can be—must be—the greatest educational vehicle, because its appeal is exclusively emotional," tricked him into objectivity: for to his mind the drawing was his natural outlet, his chosen medium, and he did not have to force his spirit to the pitch that it reached, over and over again, when he put the same observation into the words that were less natural to him. And, even more possible, perhaps Mr. Biddle's choice of subject matter was dictated more on intellectual than on emotional grounds for one sees the greatest emotional impact emerge from the drawings of the living (which are few), and not from those of the dead (which are many).

What he will do with this artistic experience, expanding it in time and graphically, is another matter altogether. One must add that he is utterly right in his observation, which this book stresses again and again, that soldiers are helped and uplifted by being drawn (or indeed recorded in any form) so as to be lifted from anonymity. As a war correspondent who, reversing the process, made his sketches incidental to his words, I can testify to this point.

When we come to the book as a written document, we find its importance lies in three things: the clear and intelligent statement of the problem of recording war for the home front; the clarity and reality of the descriptive passages that take the reader very fully into the artist's experience; and the educated and intelligent commentary by analogy which points up and clarifies both of the above. It is hardly necessary to point out that the last of these three is uncommonly rare.

Mr. Biddle (like certain correspondents before him) has seen with fine comprehension the great need for war-information at home in order that the understanding there may breed an enthusiasm and a spirit which is needed (and sometimes is lacking at the front. Indoctrination at the front, or indeed indoctrination of troops at any stage in their military career, is barren unless it can strike equally responsive chords in those who, at home, must continuously and fully support the energy thus generated. The conception of having the Army send a group of artists abroad to record war was a practical and remarkable step in that direction: it is not extraordinary that Mr. Biddle's group of artists was scuttled by the penny-pinching of an ignorant group in Congress; it is astonishing that it could have been started in the first instance. The country is going to owe a debt to *Life* magazine (to which I cannot always pay compliments) for continuing Mr. Biddle and others in the valuable work the Army started—and which the Navy has long practised. All this phase of the job of war Mr. Biddle makes clear and forceful, the more so that he avoids in recounting it that rancor he must have felt.

Beyond this, the reader will find here recorded, in an effective diary form, a continuing series of sharp and true pictures of the face of war, set down with the freshness of vision one expects of the competent artist, with the experienced eye one expects of a veteran, but with a vividness of phrase not often joined to those two requisites of first-class reporting. The look of the country, the weather, the hunger, the deep and enduring fatigue, the relaxation at the moment of rest, the acceptance of the present, the recurrent or the continuous uproar, the inevitable waste and confusion of war, these are all here—from Africa through Sicily to Italy. It is front line reporting by a man who lived in the front lines, with no deadline to meet, at leisure to become, and therefore to absorb, a part of the act of war.

Here you will find, too, a clear account, given you in repeated small passages throughout, of that curious and universal psychology of the soldier which stems from the hierarchical life he leads: a life in which responsibility is neatly parcelled out in strict stages. Short of T. E. Lawrence (who rejoined the British Army as a private for this very reason of becoming a part of that insistent and enveloping hierarchy), I know of no clearer exposition. It is one that, if absorbed by the parents and friends of those who have been, not only overseas, not only in combat, but for a long period

—From the book

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merely a part of the Army or Navy, will help them immeasurably in understanding the problems of their men when they return to civilian life. Let me quote:

> Partly it is due to the fact that in war no one carries the responsibility of decision, only that of obedience. The whole hierarchy of war is a symbol of spiritual protection, no matter how ineffectually in practice it may be. In our modern life the individual—especially the artist—is always called upon to make decisions and consequently sometimes carries a greater load than he can bear. It is a moral luxury to accept an imposed obligation in a great cause.

This passage is not singular: it is one of many such acute observations.

In this book are many excellent and brief portraits: of Giraud, Eisenhower, Clark, Teddy Roosevelt (another friend untimely dead), and of the lesser officers and men with whom Mr. Biddle lived so long and so thoroughly. Particularly from the portraits of the less famous men emerges the reality of the fact that war in the end reduces itself to the level of the men who fight it, and their human responses and weaknesses and strengths are the matter for our full understanding. I have read few books on war, apart from the great works of fiction, which gave me so real and moving a picture of the human beings who are soldiers at work.

I cannot refrain from one more quotation. Mr. Biddle is making one of his frequent asides, this time on art. It is the richness of these observations that makes the book so full an experience.

> There is no medium like glazed under-painting on ceramics to emphasize this contrast between the unexpected, the inspired, and the meticulous concentration on hard-earned experience and craft. The preparations are as dry-as-dust and mathematical as any chemist's formula. . . . It is the firing which gives divinely unexpected effects. A temperature of 1100 degrees centigrade turns the driest contour and the most precise chemical formula into something as emotional as liquid fire. Then it becomes evident how necessary it was during the process of construction to control the explosive miracle which would take place in the belly of the furnace.

Those who read this book will far better understand war and warriors, the need for information at home, the need for inspiration abroad. That is a lot to say of any book, and I can say it wholeheartedly. It is a first-aid kit to the ignorant on war.

BUY BONDS
TO SPEED VICTORY

Strictly Personal...

MAKE THEM KEEP HITLER

ARE we on the right track in our approach to the problem of post-war government in Germany?

Why not let them keep Hitler as Fuehrer?

I think that would be the best solution of all. Let them go right on living with the man of their choice. There's no question that they chose him—they marched up to the ballot-box and gave him a landslide. They voted to keep him not for four years, or until he failed to get a parliamentary majority . . . they voted to keep him permanently.

Okay, then. Let 'em have him!

Can you think of any worse punishment for them?

The Germans were sold on Hitler as a hot shot. He was going to be the world-beating champion that made them monarchs of all creation. He had a new form of government that was going to last a thousand years. He was so smart that he didn't need advisers, didn't need a cabinet, didn't need a parliament. He, in person, was the Fuehrer. All everybody else in all Germany had to do was say "Ja!"

But in the harsh test of history, Mr. Big has turned out to be nothing but a second-rater. His inspired strategy has lost one campaign after another—he has been beaten by run-of-the-mill Russian generals, British generals, American Generals. His Goering, who was to produce a matchless Luftwaffe, has taken an aerial kicking-around at home and abroad since 1940. His Raeder and Doenitz, who were to dominate the seas with their U-boats, have seen true sea-power send their submarines home defeated. His West Wall has cracked as easily as his East Wall. His Italian ally didn't last as long as Rumania or Hungary or Finland.

If that's the kind of leader the Germans want, let them keep him.

We know we can lick him. We've done it. If he tries to get smart again, we'll lick him again.

That's the kind of leader for the Germans. A proven failure. That's all they deserve.

But what do we propose to do?

We're talking "unconditional surrender." We're not only going to march into the streets of Berlin—as by all means we should. We're going to go further and bounce the Nazis out of office, without consulting the Germans. We're going to punish war criminals. We're going to single out everybody we think responsible for the ordeal of these past five years, and take it out of their blond hides.

We expect the Germans to be so frazzled, by that time, that they will join in this venture. The "voice of the people" will appear in the form of shady subterranean individuals who speak for the "new," "democratic" Germany and want to help us.

We will help them set up some sort of "stable" popular government in Germany—and if necessary we will have bayonets there on election day to see that the election is "fair."

All this is the surest possible way to turn Adolf Hitler into a German martyr, and to create around him a whole galaxy of little sub-martyrs. It is a certain way to surround National Socialism with a glamor that events have long since tarnished.

Having banished them, any government we impose, or help impose, upon the Germans, becomes a disagreeable foreign importation, tainted with alien qualities, and aromatic of defeat.

Personally, I think too much of democracy to want to hand it over so cheaply.

Democracy, as we know it, was dearly won. People suffered to set up this Republic. They endured revolution; a quarter of a century later they fought to protect their new creation; half a century later they bled through a bitter civil war . . . half a century later they mobilized all their resources to "make the world safe. . . ."

In 1918, we "helped" the Germans found a Republic.

They never respected their Republic. They never wanted it. They never respected democracy. As soon as possible, they began to sling mud at democracy, thinking to tear down the

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victors of 1918—not caring that in so doing they tore themselves down too.

Our British allies think more of democracy than that—

Like ourselves, they have bled for their institutions. No British freedom was easily won—nor has any been easily maintained.

Freedom is a dear thing, hard to acquire, hard to master, hard to keep.

The French have learned how hard it is to keep. They will bleed afresh in reëstablishing it . . . but we shall see France free again.

Our Russian allies have joined the great quest for freedom. The Russian Revolution at the end of the last war was one of humanity's historic upheavals—we are still far from an accurate appraisal of that titanic occurrence, for the Russians are still in the throes of shaping their political destiny. They, too, may spill more blood, before they are done, in the perpetuation of their liberties.

Why should any of us have the slightest interest in handing the boon of liberty to the Germans, who defile liberty?

Let the Germans keep Hitler, the second-rater, the strutting Fuehrer, the intuitive genius whose mistakes have brought Germany to black disaster.

Hitler is just the leader for them.

I would like to rub their noses in Hitler Government until they appreciate the seriousness of setting up a "Thousand Year Reich." You don't do the things the Germans have done, and then slide out by setting up a "Republic" or a "Soviet State" or whatever seems the most expedient way of softening the defeat your Hitler has brought you to.

I have seen Germans shout "Heil Hitler," eyes aglow, and strut down streets singing songs of conquest . . .

They gave themselves to Hitler, body and soul. The saps.

I would like them to spend a long time—years—on bended knee, before I admitted them to the priceless privileges of self-government. They aren't fit for self-government.

Hitler—he's their speed.

Personally, I wouldn't even take the trouble to disarm them. To do that is to make them think we are afraid of them.

They were defeated in 1918, and it didn't take. They rationalized themselves out of that defeat, and at the first opportunity rearmed and came out looking for trouble.

The Germans are being defeated in 1944.

If we play it right, this time, the 1944 defeat will take.

To take, this defeat must be a state of mind, and not a physical conquest.

Deprive the German of weapons, and he will want weapons.

Deprive him of a Fuehrer, and he will want another Fuehrer.

Let him go on maintaining—and paying for—an army as large as he chooses, and within two years he will be squawking about the cost of his defeated military establishment, and will cut it down voluntarily—and think he is smart for cutting it down.

Let him keep his Hitler, tell him we don't want him to have a Republic or a Soviet State—and he will want a Republic . . . the same Republic that he will despise if we foist it on him.

Human nature is like that.

I'm for Hitler as permanent Fuehrer of the Germans. He's all they deserve. The Fuehrer that Failed—Heil Hitler!

PAUL SCHUBERT.

Arch Yell of the Frontier

A MAN'S REACH. By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 288 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

THE Chinese have a proverb: "A lifetime is a man's reach." This novel by Charles Morrow Wilson seems to borrow that allusion. It is the story of a lifetime, and an action-filled one—that of Arch Yell, an Andrew Jackson soldier, who was the first Federal judge west of the Mississippi, the second Governor of Arkansas, and a member of Congress during the last days of Jackson's regime.

A thing which is bound to recommend itself to the serious reader in Mr. Wilson's fictionized biography, is the candid and truthful portraiture of the frontier. Here is no romantic area of strong men and lovely women, with perhaps an occasional picturesque Indian twiddling a tomahawk just enough in the background to give a pleasant sense of danger to the scene.

Wilson writes of the real frontier, and of the poverty, dirt, hunger, sickness, discouragement, and frustration of it. He tells of the people and their ignorance, sloth, meanness, and coarseness. Under Wilson's handling the winning of the frontier comes out as what it was—a man's size job, an unpleasant job, a job that had to be done but about which there was precious little of the glamor with which slick-paper fictioneers invest the period.

Arch Yell was a Carolina boy who went West to get away from the monotony and poverty of a hillside farm in which there was no future. He joined a slave-conveying wagon train which was also running arms to the hostile Creek Indians, and helped get word of the latter illegal errand to Andrew Jackson, then general of the Tennessee militia. Whereupon Jackson scooped up the wagon train, lynched the gun-runner, and enlisted Arch Yell into his army.

Thereafter Yell followed Jackson to the Creek war, studied law at the expenses of Jackson who had taken a fancy to him, and eventually through the latter got into politics. He was first an internal revenue collector, then a Federal judge, then ran for Congress, was elected, ran for governor, was elected, ran for Congress again. In his last act he went into Mexico as colonel of a regiment of cavalry, and was killed in the battle of Buena Vista.

All this would seem to add up to a highly meaningful account of a frontier figure. Wilson has done well with parts of it, but the defect of the book is that the inexorable actuality of events hampered him in fully evolving his characters. Arch Yell's experiences with women, his battles, his political forays, all have an air of unreality about them. He himself seems to live a life without meaning, frustrated, groping, never finding what he wanted, beset by inner doubts.

The reader may be forgiven for refusing to believe that the real Arch Yell was like that. Yet out of it all "A Man's Reach" somehow leaves one with a lingering flavor of raw places. There are some superb touches. Andrew Jackson is a better character than Yell; and better than either of them is William Mobrey, the hunchbacked lawyer, who scorned his own profession as dishonest, and died happily at last trying to bring a gospel of peace, through the planting of fruitful seeds, to the world. Putting it baldly, it sounds unconvincing. But Wilson makes Mobrey convincing.

There will be complaint from some quarters perhaps that Wilson's frontier is too sordid and barren. But let him stick to his guns. He knows his time and place and the truth he writes is worthy of publication.

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THE TAFT-ARMY MEETING

THIS is a report of a meeting in New York last Thursday between Senator Robert A. Taft and Army officials arranged by *The Saturday Review* for the purpose of ironing out difficulties in the administration of Title V of the Soldiers Vote Act under which "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and "The Republic," by Charles A. Beard, among other books, were rejected for Army use. Title V outlawed "political propaganda from reading material purchased in whole or part with government funds."

The meeting was the result of two letters sent to *The Saturday Review* following an editorial on this page protesting both the law and the interpretation of the law by the Army. One letter was from Senator Taft, placing the blame on the Army for the banned books and declaring it was never his intention in drafting the law, nor the intention of Congress in enacting it, to discriminate against books such as those by Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Beard. We also received a statement from the office of Colonel Robert Cutler, counsel to the Secretary of War and Coordinator of the administration of the Soldiers Vote Act. The statement reflected no pronounced taste for the business of censorship and indicated that the Army would like nothing better than to rid itself of complicated legal snares but that its hands were tied in view of the background of the bill and its ambiguous catch-all phrasing, as well as the criminal penalties it embodied.

Ostensibly confronted, then, with a question of intent and understanding rather than of censorship, *The Saturday Review,* presumptuously or otherwise, undertook to bring the Senator and Army officials together. In so doing, it had the full support and cooperation of the Council on Books in Wartime, one of whose projects is the Armed Services Editions, of which the books by Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Beard had been rejected by the Army.

The principals accepted the invitation and a luncheon meeting was planned with M. M. Geffen, publisher of *Omnibook* magazine, in charge of arrangements. In view of the many requests for representation at the luncheon by various organizations, provision was also made to accommodate a number of "unofficial observers," including Carl Carmer, president of the Authors League and president of P.E.N.; George C. Lucas, secretary of the National Publishers Association; Harry Scherman, president of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Nicholas Roosevelt, of *The New York Times,* among others. Representing the Army were Colonel Cutler, Colonel Franklin S. Forsberg, of the Army News Service; Colonel Ray L. Trautman, head of the Army Library Service, and Major Jonas Reiner, of the Army Special Services Division. Representing the Council on Books in Wartime were Archibald Ogden, executive secretary; Philip Van Doren Stern, manager of the Armed Services Editions; Marshall Best, vice-president of Viking Press, and William Sloane, president of Henry Holt & Co. Since it was impossible to accommodate at the lunch all those in the publishing industry concerned with the problem, another meeting was scheduled at the offices of the Council following the lunch and an additional meeting at *The Saturday Review* later in the afternoon.

The Senator arrived at the offices of *The Saturday Review* about an hour before lunchtime and reiterated his position: he felt that the Army interpretation was too strict but said he was willing to sponsor an amendment to the Soldiers Vote Act, if necessary, which would leave no doubt in the minds of Army officials that such books as Mrs. Bowen's and Mr. Beard's would be acceptable for distribution under the Armed Services Editions plan.

At the luncheon, Senator Taft amplified his stand. It was not his purpose in drafting the law, he explained to the group, to shut off the supply of printed matter from soldiers. Moreover, he said, the soldiers could receive political campaign literature—books, magazines, or newspapers—no matter how partisan, provided such material was not purchased with Government funds. In fact, he said, the Army was specifically prohibited under the Act from interfering with any political material sent to the soldier from the outside. As it concerned Title V, which outlawed all books "designed or calculated" to affect the result of the coming elections, he said he would be glad to introduce a liberalizing amendment when Congress convened on August 1, although it might be difficult to obtain immediate action.

Colonel Cutler then spoke. Existing restrictions on the Army's vast program of information, education, and entertainment, he said, had the effect of weakening or handicapping its work. This program had one object, he declared—to inform the soldier because "informed soldiers can fight better and bring the war to an end more quickly than men who do not know what is happening in the world." Colonel Cutler reviewed the circumstances leading up to passage of the Soldiers Vote Act, especially the admonition by certain Congressmen to apply the strictest interpretation possible, and "to leave it out when in doubt."

Speaking for the Council on Books in Wartime, Mr. Ogden protested any restriction whatever on soldiers' reading but offered for Senator Taft's consideration a liberalized wording of the particular section of the law pertaining to books which would have the effect of giving the Army greater flexibility in the application of the law.

Senator Taft expressed general approval of this amendment, then launched into a general discussion of the Soldiers Vote Act. It was difficult, he said, for a layman to understand the position of a Republican running for election or re-election. There was always the fear that the Government would use its strategic position to return itself to power. He said that his own active part in supporting the Soldiers Vote Act, with all its limitations on the information activities of the Army, came about because he didn't trust the Army to play fair without such a law. He said that he believed Secretary of War Stimson was working for the re-election of the President. He said that seventy-five per cent of the soldiers would vote for the President if given a chance. He said he was opposed to voting by soldiers in the national election, since they were out of touch with the country, lacking knowledge of issues and candidates, and would quite naturally vote for their Commander-in-Chief.

This provoked something of an outburst from some of the "laymen" present, one of whom spoke eloquently in a defense of soldiers' rights, but who had to be regretfully interrupted by the "moderator" not only because the meeting was running so late that it had already exhausted the time previously scheduled for an afternoon with another group of publishers, but because it had been previously agreed to confine the extended remarks to Senator Taft and Army officials.

Despite efforts to cut it short, pro and con discussion continued for some time, and Senator Taft had to leave

(*Continued on page* 14)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More on "Censoritis"

The author of the following letter is the general manager of Editions for the Armed Services, Inc., the non-profit organization established by the Council on Books in Wartime to publish some 40 million reprints of popular trade books a year for distribution to Army and Navy personnel overseas.

SIR: I should like to make the following statements on the Soldiers' Vote Bill's restrictive clause on books as it affects Armed Services Editions. What I have to say here, however, is said as a private citizen and does not necessarily represent the views of the Council on Books in Wartime, the Army, or the Navy.

First of all, I think it should be made clear how the titles issued in Armed Services Editions are chosen. An Advisory Committee, appointed by the Council and consisting of book publishers, booksellers, book reviewers, authors, and librarians culls the lists of available trade books, past and present, and recommends certain titles for publication. This committee has always been very careful not to include any books which might be offensive to religious, racial, or political groups. Officials of the Army and the Navy must unanimously approve in writing each title before it is put into production. Permission is obtained from the original publisher, and then, when the book is placed on a monthly list of thirty-two titles, a contract is made with that publisher for the book.

This system of selection, which has been in effect from the very beginning of this organization, has worked very satisfactorily. The members of the Advisory Committee take their responsibilities seriously; the Army and the Navy make doubly sure that the books they approve for publication from the list recommended by the Advisory Committee are only of general entertainment and morale value to the troops. Armed Services Editions were clearly intended to be non-political and as non-controversial as possible. They are sent to troops in combat areas as part of the Army and Navy recreational program. Books for orientation and education are taken care of by other service branches.

On January 12, 1944, the following written instructions, which had been approved by the Council, the Army, and the Navy, were given to the readers who examine and report on every book we plan to publish:

1. Look for statements or attitudes which are opposed to the spirit of American Democracy.
2. Look for any statements which may be offensive to our allies in this war, or which may give aid and comfort to the enemy, or which may be detrimental to our own war effort.
3. Watch for any material or statements which the passage of time may have made obsolete, incorrect, or ridiculous.
4. Watch for any statements which may be offensive to any religious or racial groups, trades, or professions.
5. Look for any controversial material relating to forthcoming political elections, particularly that which either praises or denigrates any political candidate.
6. Bear in mind that these books are published almost exclusively for a male, military audience, and that Armed Services Editions should appeal to the audience for which they are intended.
7. Check statements which may be at variance with military training or doctrines, or unduly critical of any military or naval commanders or branches of the service.

The reader is not required to make decisions, but simply to indicate any doubtful material.

Item number five should be of especial interest, since it shows that even before the Soldiers' Vote Bill was passed any book which might influence the forthcoming elections was considered unsuitable for publication in Armed Services Editions.

The books that were issued apparently met with favor from the troops, for we have received enthusiastic letters about them from servicemen in every theater of war. Nor, with one notable exception, when we were accused of publishing material which had actually not appeared in our edition of a certain title, have there been any protests from religious, racial, or political groups.

In March, the Soldiers' Vote Bill was passed. Newspapers and magazines could thereafter be sent to the troops on the basis of preference. But books were singled out in a special restrictive clause which was invoked by the Army as the basis for the rejection of the books by Mrs. Bowen and Dr. Beard, among others. The fault, however, surely lay with the law and not with the Army, which was only carrying out the mandate given it by Congress. The Army has also been criticized for the strictness of its interpretation, but the interpretation was made by Army legal experts in consultation with members of Congress.

As soon as the effects of this law became known, all those interested in books—publishers, booksellers, librarians, authors, and readers—were aroused, and public protests were made.

It seems to me that books have been discriminated against. Newspapers and magazines on the preference list may be purchased with Federal funds and distributed to the troops, no matter what kind of political material they may contain. But a book cannot be distributed in this way if it deals even slightly with American

"I've read it before. I've produced it before. It made money before. I'll buy it!"

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politics. This is, perhaps, a tribute to the importance of books, but it unfairly and unfortunately excludes many fine titles. As a result, for instance, Charles Beard's "The Republic," which was sent to the troops in serial form in *Life* magazine, cannot be sent to them in book form.

No one connected with this project has ever felt that books purchased with Federal funds for distribution to troops should be of such a nature as to influence a Federal election. This is evidenced by the record of performance—the books actually published in Armed Services Editions. But Congress, according to Senator Taft who sponsored the Soldiers' Vote Bill, is unwilling to trust anyone—including the Army—not to send such books, purchased with Federal funds, to the troops.

This discriminatory legislation against the use of books for soldier reading strikes at the very heart of the democratic principles on which our Government is supposedly run. The law, as it now stands, is more suited to a Prussianized army than to a democratic one. It represents what we are trying to destroy, and is destructive of what we are trying to preserve.

It seems to me that no liberalized interpretation which might permit a few hitherto disputed books to be issued can remove this affront to literature and mitigate this threat to freedom of the press. Books apparently are regarded with suspicion by a number of Congressmen. They may be vehicles, they seem to think, of "dangerous thoughts." One Congressman is reported to have said: "Newspapers and magazines? Oh, they don't matter. But books—why a book might change the course of a man's whole life!" The Congressman may be right.

But if books are to retain the high esteem they have had among our people, they must be defended by all those who believe in their importance. The issues involved here are far-reaching. They are, it seems to me, very simply these:

Is the citizen-soldier to be merely a soldier—an unthinking cog in a vast military machine—and lose the rights he had as a citizen? Must he, when he puts on uniform, be considered a simple-minded creature who has to be protected by Congressional legislation from the political material which is made freely available to non-uniformed citizens? If the Army and the Navy can be entrusted with the lives of millions of Americans, are they unworthy of being trusted to decide what the men in their charge may read? If certain newspapers and magazines containing political material can be distributed to the troops because soldiers have expressed preference for them, are books of equal popularity to be forbidden simply because the political material they contain is printed in book form?

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN.

New York, N. Y.

THE TAFT-ARMY MEETING

(*Continued from page* 12)

directly from the luncheon to make his train. We owe an apology, therefore, to Mr. Raymond Everitt, of Little, Brown; Mr. S. Spencer Scott, of Harcourt, Brace; and Mr. Alan Green, of Green-Brodie, who were kept waiting at the offices of *The Saturday Review* for a conference with Senator Taft, only to have us turn up empty-handed and abashed.

Before leaving for his train, Senator Taft wrote the following statement for press release:

> The general principle of prohibiting Government funds for political propaganda is admitted by all, but the provisions of the act are somewhat too strict and make administration by the Army too difficult. The interpretation by the Army appears also to be too strict. It was generally agreed, however, that minor amendments to the act do not affect the basic principle and would give the Army and Navy more leeway and should be enacted by Congress at the first opportunity. I shall be glad to sponsor amendments to the act for the purpose of increasing its flexibility along lines suggested by Mr. Ogden and Mr. Cousins. So far as the final authority for the selection of books is concerned, I am quite willing, speaking for myself, to leave that in the hands of the Council on Books in Wartime.

Is *The Saturday Review* satisfied with what happened at the meeting and with its outcome? As "moderator" we naturally are not as free here to express our own opinions as we would be otherwise; but readers familiar with this page should have no difficulty in approximating our position at any point of the proceedings as described above. This much, however, can be said about what the meeting accomplished and what it failed to accomplish:—

On the positive side, of course, it resulted in a definite commitment by Senator Taft to seek modification of his own Soldiers Vote Act as it pertained to Army limitations in buying reading matter for the soldiers. It was an encouraging sign of the strength of the democratic process, too, for a civilian group to bring together Army officials and a representative of the United States Senate, with writers and publishers sitting in as interested onlookers, for the purpose of clarifying and amending a law. Another favorable aspect of the meeting was that it enabled the publishing industry to state its unequivocal position on the question of censorship to representatives of two important branches of Government.

On the negative side, there is the likelihood of delay in actually getting the bill amended. Congress convenes on August 1 for a short session and it may be difficult to speed modifications through before it adjourns again. The Army is unwilling to accept Senator Taft's assurances that the Soldiers Vote Act does not apply to the books in question and has indicated it will follow a policy of watchful waiting until the Act is actually amended. Senator Taft, after all, is not *the* Congress, and the Army is hardly more disposed to take a chance now in authorizing distribution of the contentious books than it was before the meeting.

In an immodest effort to overcome this disability, *The Saturday Review* is writing to every member of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate, asking for specific information on the Soldiers Vote Act. We are inquiring, for example, whether the individual Congressman would be likely to criticize the Army should it accept "Yankee from Olympus" and "The Republic" along with other new books it is distributing. We don't know how many Congressmen will reply to our inquiry, but we hope the number will be sufficient to persuade the Army, whose intentions we highly respect and whose limitations under the law we readily appreciate, that there is no longer valid reason for persisting in its rejection of the two books.

If we seem to have ants in our pants over this whole question of banned books, the appearance is even less than the reality. N. C.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 58

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 58 will be found in the next issue.

NS EXG WNMB GW L ZALYFNVP KXP LVK DLBT UND WYXZWTYXGZ, UT INCC VXA RNAT EXG. AUNZ NZ AUT WYNVMNWLC KNSSTYTVMT RTAITTV L KXP LVK L DLV.

—WGKK'VUTLK INCZXV'Z MLCTVKLY.—DLYB AILNV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 57

RESPONSIBILITY'S LIKE A STRING WE CAN SEE ONLY THE MIDDLE OF. BOTH ENDS ARE OUT OF SIGHT.

—CASUALS OF THE SEA.
—WILLIAM McFEE.

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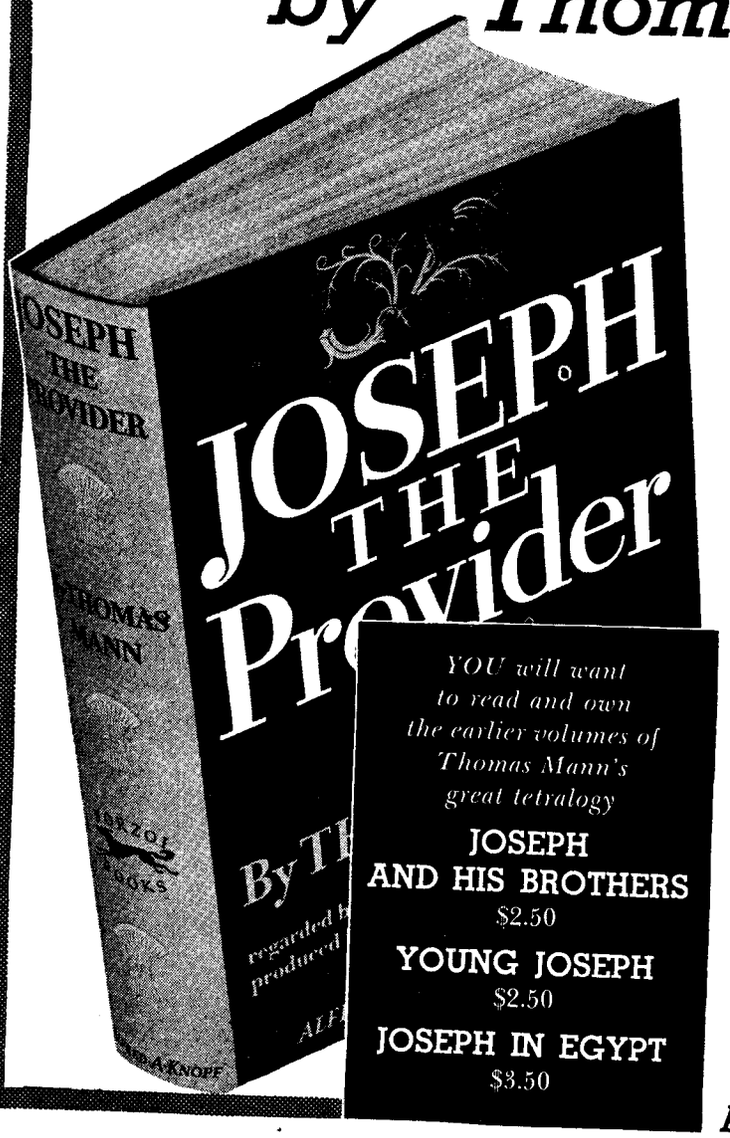

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AGNES E. MEYER, *Washington Post:*

"*Joseph the Provider* is replete with overtones of beauty, insight and every form of humor from delicate irony to heartiest comedy. Yet our laughter always brings wisdom in its train."

LOUIS ZARA, *Chicago Sun:*

"From the very beginning of the Joseph tetralogy Mann was inspired, and throughout the four books he has painted the greatest Biblical canvases in prose to come from the pen of a modern man."

ROBERT PICK, *Saturday Review:*

"Now that this great work of the distinguished exile has reached its end, it is only fitting to pay tribute to the achievement of its translator. Mrs. Lowe-Porter has succeeded admirably in reproducing the archaic colloquialism of the German text—and thus secured an immediate place in literature to a work which for some time to come must remain unknown to its author's one-time compatriots."

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July

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TRADE Winds

BOOK PUBLISHERS like to think of themselves as big, bold gamblers, but the fact of the matter is that possible losses, except in rare instances, are strictly limited. Unless a publisher has paid an advance out of all proportions to a book's potentialities, or okayed an advertising campaign far above normal figures, he is unlikely to lose more than two or three thousand dollars at most on any one project. Compare that with the huge sums that were thrown away on some of the musical comedy failures of the past season on Broadway. *Variety* estimates that the loss on eleven casualties in that sector totaled just under a million and three-quarter dollars.

"Artists and Models" set back an over-optimistic producer $250,000. "Dream with Music" lost $213,000. The misnamed "Jackpot" dropped $200,000; "Allah Be Praised" $175,000. "My Dear Public," which came very close to being the worst show I ever saw in New York, finished $150,000 in the red, not including substantial tryout losses. . . . The entrepreneur of "Allah Be Praised" was Alfred Bloomingdale, scion of the well-known department-store magnate. During the Boston tryout, an experienced "play doctor" was summoned to give first aid to an obvious crack-up case. He watched the show in silence. When the final curtain fell, Bloomingdale asked anxiously, "Well, what do you think?" The expert put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Al," he advised, "close the show, and keep the store open nights." . . .

THE MYSTERY is that a fresh crop of suckers can always be found to finance new musicals, despite the overwhelming odds against them. Under present high operating costs, an average revue must run eighteen or twenty weeks at full capacity on Broadway before its production costs are earned back. For every "Oklahoma!" (reputed to have made almost three million dollars to date, with untold fortunes still ahead) there are a hundred musical shows where the "angels" don't even get a smile from the leading lady for their money. "Why do they do it?" I asked the canny producer, Max Gordon. "You wouldn't understand," he replied. "After all, there's no fun pinching the back of 'Ten Years in Japan.'" . . .

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN, in *The Chicago Daily News,* has made a shrewd analysis of the phenomenal drawing power of "Oklahoma!" "This isn't just a show with catchy tunes," he writes. "From hoof to horn, it is uniquely and peculiarly American. It is an answer to the American's nostalgic longing for roots; for a sense of belonging to the soil on which he lives; for a patriotism that has dignity and breadth. 'Oklahoma!' is no sentimentalized picture of a dreamland. It is fresh, virile, and bawdy. If I had any doubts about the essential soundness of the American people, they were gone when I came out of the theatre. When people like such a show as this so much, it means they are pretty good people, wanting the right things and with the stuff it takes to get them." . . . The United States Navy must agree with that estimate. They ordered two thousand copies of the book version of "Oklahoma!" That's more than some successful plays sell in book form altogether. . . .

THE LORD KNOWS there's not much else in the way of Grade-A entertainment on the Broadway stage at the moment. The rollicking "Voice of the Turtle" is closed for the summer. That leaves "One Touch of Venus," "Carmen Jones," "Hats Off to Ice," and the still delightful "Life With Father" as the only other really first-rate productions on the boards. "Jacabowsky and the Colonel" has occasional scenes in S. N. Behrman's best manner; "Mexican Hayride" has Bobby Clark. "Follow the Girls" is passable rowdy entertainment, and "Ten Little Indians" has its moments. I suppose you ought to see "The Searching Wind" while you're in town, too. It says all the rights things, and it has one striking performance by Montgomery Clift. There are some unusually promising shows lined up for fall presentation. Until then, an air-cooled movie is your best bet. . . .

THE GAYEST and most amusing picture of the summer, in my opinion, is "Two Girls and a Sailor," with Jimmie Durante at his incomparable best, and a lovely newcomer named June Allyson. . . . "A Mask for Dimitrios" and "Gaslight" are first-rate thrillers by any criterion. . . . If you go to "Once Upon a Time" or "The White Cliffs of Dover," it will not be because Trade Winds failed to warn you. . . . Surest-fire of all is Selznick's over-ballyhooed and over-long "Since You Went Away." This story of the American home front in 1943 is in the nature of an anthology of all the best scenes from every war picture since "The Big Parade," but the old ingredients are mixed up with such superlative skill, and acted so beautifully that you probably will cry your way through three handkerchiefs. A good time to sneak out for a ten-minute stretch is the beginning of an embarrassing sequence where Claudette Colbert suddenly decides to become a ship welder. . . . It has become the pleasant fashion to use an old popular tune as the theme song of a big movie. "Since You Went Away" revives an old DeSylva, Henderson, and Brown melody called "Together"—a shrewd and effective choice. I haven't been able to get it out of my head since I saw the picture. And what I would have given to be on the set when Monty Woolley had to pose for hours with jam smeared on his face, until the bulldog "Soda" could be induced to wander over and lick him as directed in the script. . . .

ANOTHER GOOD PICTURE that could be made better by judicious cutting is "Dragon Seed." Once you get used to the incongruity of people like Hepburn, Walter Huston, and Henry Travers playing Chinese roles, this is impressive stuff, and I'm willing to forgive a lot in a picture that goes all out for the lesson "Dragon Seed" pounds home. . . . That water buffalo M-G-M imported for "The Good Earth" is beginning to pay dividends. . . . Anna May Wong once applied for the screen role of the Chinese girl in "Lost Horizon." "Oh, no," she was told. "You're not the type."

J. DONALD ADAMS, who was editor of *The New York Times Book Review* for eighteen years, has become associated with the expanding house of E. P. Dutton in a consulting capacity. Later in the year, Dutton will publish an anthology which he is editing. . . . Nevil Shute's new novel, "Pastoral," a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September, will be pub-

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"When he said we'd make great music together, I thought he meant a duet."

lished by Morrow on August 25. It is the third of Shute's last five books to be chosen by a major book club. . . . Sure best-sellerdom is predicted for Jean Stafford's "Boston Adventure" (Harcourt, Brace) and Robert Pick's "The Terhoven File" (Lippincott).... The winner of M-G-M's novel contest will be announced on August 15. The judges are Amy Loveman, Harry Hansen, and Sidney Franklin. There were ninety-nine entries. The winning one gets a prize of $125,000, with another $25,000 for the fortunate publisher....

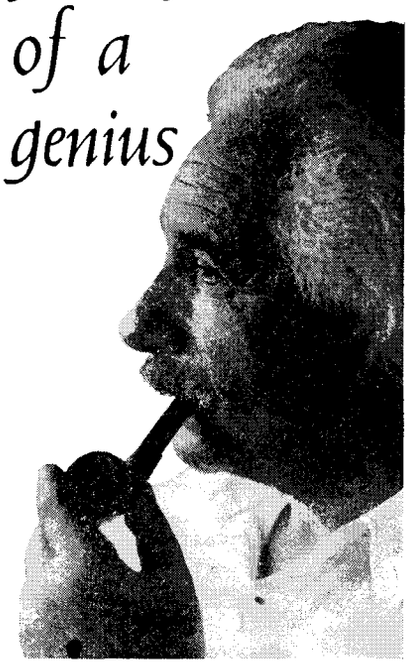
THE JOHN DAY COMPANY announces that Lin Yutang is at work on a book about wartime China, based on observations during his recent trip to his homeland. . . . A Washington acquaintance greeted Cass Canfield, President of Harper's, with "So you're the fellow who published 'A Strange Fruit Grows in Brooklyn.'" . . . When Sid Perelman delivered the manuscript of "Crazy Like a Fox," he explained, "I searched every nook of Granny for this material." One of the features of the book is a reprinting of the best pieces from "Dawn Ginsberg's Revenge," too long out of print. That was Perelman's first published work. The jacket bore the legend "This book does not stop at Yonkers." Asked by his publishers to whip up an autobiographical note for the flap of "Crazy Like a Fox," Perelman crashed through with the following gem:

> Button-cute, rapier-keen, wafer-thin, and pauper-proof is S. J. Perelman. That he possesses the power to become invisible to finance companies; that his laboratory is tooled up to manufacture Frankenstein-type monsters on an incredible scale; and that he owns one of the rare mouths in which butter has never melted, are legends treasured by every schoolboy. He became a man of proverbial strength around the Providence wharves; he could drive a spike through an oak plank with his fist. As there was constant need for this type of skilled labor, he soon acquired enough tuition to enter Brown University. He is chiefly remembered there for designing Brooks Brothers' present trademark, a sheep suspended in a diaper. Retired today to peaceful Erwinna, Pa., Perelman raises turkeys which he occasionally displays on Broadway, stirs little from his alembics and retorts. Those who know hint that the light burning late in his laboratory may result in a breathtaking electric bill. . . .

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN announces that Earl Wilson's book, due in October, will be named, "I Am Gazing Into My 8-Ball." Suggested for his next one: "My Bosom Companions." . . . *Tide* reports that *Reader's Digest*, nettled by a cloud of cheap imitations, is revamping its format and will have a completely new design after the war. . . . England has a new advertising publication with the clever name of *Persuasion*. . . . Daniel Longwell, born and bred in Old Columbia and Garden City, but strictly on the Luce since 1934, has been promoted from executive to managing editor of *Life*. . . . In the words of Wolcott Gibbs, where it all will end, knows God.

BENNETT CERF.

Four years inside the family circle of a genius



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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When the Bombs Hit the Chambers

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 387 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT ELLIS

G. B. STERN is back in London, back in Albany, that bachelor's paradise between Piccadilly and Vigo Street, which was one of the last masculine strongholds to surrender the forces of feminism. (The original invasion succeeded through the English law of real property and inalienable freehold.) In some ways this third volume of her reminiscences is the liveliest and most charming. She has kept to her discursive plan, running years back, darting from Berkshire to London, from London to San Remo and that Italian coast, from Italy to the vineyards of France, from France to California: the plan has no reason, but the pretexts, the excuses, the devices for her desultory scamper and saunter through the past and present are so delightful that he would be curmudgeonly who demanded a stricter and less attractive pattern.

She reverts, naturally enough rather frequently, to the lethal day in 1940 when the bomb hit her old chambers, not far from the Bodley Head, whence John Lane had published lovely books in the distant, distracting nineties. Almost all she had there, furniture, books, pictures, treasures gathered in a wandering life, was destroyed; some of her famous collection of walking-sticks were saved, and in a small casket a few papers. Her book opens, after an enchanting prologue about cats, with a brief account of those papers—letters from H. G. Wells, Noel Coward, Somerset Maugham, Kenneth Grahame, Max Beerbohm—Max is a great admirer of the Matriarch series, the "full rich milieu" which he compares to "thick turtle soup—of which one doesn't merely sip one's plateful to the end." How one hopes that Miss Stern has not been disturbed in her new Albany chambers by the malign buzz-bombs flying into London's West End; the Regent Palace Hotel is (was) perilously near to Albany.

"Trumpet Voluntary"—the title is from Purcell, the English composer—is not easy to review. It has the vivacity, the richness, the exuberance in which G. B. Stern excels: whether she writes of cats, dogs, hens, London or the country, her friends, Europe or America, she has the unfailing delight in life and its procession of tragedy, tears, and laughter. This volume is, perhaps, gayer and lighter than its predecessors; has more of that impish fun, occasionally a little too private, which marked the Noel Coward age, but is free from the malice that flaws the wit of some of her contemporaries. G. B. Stern can be engagingly silly, as, for instance, in her comment on hens and eggs:

> One can be fond of goats . . . but of turkeys and hens, *never*. And yet the egg Itself is a perfect object: not "nearly perfect" like so many achievements of nature, but completely perfect in shape, texture, and color. Would a hen know that? Not she; a hen is one of those authors of whom their admirers say: "I always feel it's better *not* to meet them in private life."

Incidentally there are little openings on the way they live now in London—Miss Stern gets "a personal introduction to a renown'd fishmonger,

"A prickly, provocative, controversial book."
—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*

ON LIVING IN A REVOLUTION

by Julian Huxley

"Excellent! Here is not only the difference between the modern theory of evolution and the Mid-Victorian; it is the difference between the German world view and that of the democracies. We are living in a tremendous revolution . . . few writers can clarify the nature of this revolution with more insight than Julian Huxley."—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post*

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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CANDID SELF-PORTRAITS

What ten assorted characters in literature thought of themselves is the subject of this week's quiz, suggested by Mrs. P. C. Vines, of Dallas, Texas. From the self-appraisals quoted below, can you identify each character and also name the work in which he appears? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. "I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering."

2. "I's wicked—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

3. "I am a lone, lorn creetur, and everythink goes contrairy with me."

4. "I keep a bull pup, and I object to rows because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well."

5. "I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year."

6. "I am no orator, as Brutus is, but, as you know me all, a plain blunt man."

7. "Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks."

8. "Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."

9. "Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world. Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother."

10. "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

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warning me: 'They close at one o'clock sharp as by that time they will have sold out *both* their prawns.'" And again "I was shown an exercise-book the other day in which a child wrote, 'He gave her a ring of twenty-two carrots'"; and there was the day when an old friend called and produced from behind his back, a whole lemon. It was eaten, after much discussion, solemnly with oysters.

Much entertainment can be had from the chapters in which Miss Stern, taking up a sport devised by the B.B.C., discusses what eight pictures and what eight music records she would choose to have on a desert island. I won't go into her choice of music; but she's all wrong about pictures, keeping to landscapes and modern "single" subject pictures. On a desert island one would need a crowded painting. Van Syck, Bosch, Breughel, Rubens, Gozzoli, and I wouldn't be sorry to have Frith's "Derby Day" or "Paddington Station." Far, far better for continuous contemplation for a solitary than Van Gogh's chair.

But there perhaps is the greatest fascination of "Trumpet Voluntary." It arouses conversation, disagreement, argument: it would be a perfect book for a desert island so long as there was one contemporary cast away with you, a contemporary with similar background and taste but with a strong point of view of his own. Some one who spoke the same language, but was no "yes-man." In all her criticisms, sound or not (did she ever, I wonder, think "Susan Lenox" a good novel?) G. B. Stern is individual and courageous. She knows what she likes, what are her books, and I found greatly to my liking her taste for books generally thought to be "children's reading." Nothing enrages me more than the classification of books as "suitable to" eight or eighty year oldsters. Miss Stern herself writes an ageless kind of book, and this mixture of scrap-book, history, criticism, and fiction is the autobiographer G. B. Stern at her most representative and dearest, ready for guests of any age and most nationalities.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 539)

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON:
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"I can imagine no one else, unless it might be E. M. Forster, who could have done so grateful a narrative . . I cannot remember any other book unless the 'Tale of Genji,' where the narrative is so even, the transport to another scene, alien in time and place, so absorbing.

"What remains when the book is closed is a poignant sense of human struggle for liberty and dignity, of tragic love, And yet what has made the book so readable are the endless comic scenes, the passages where to save your life you do not know whether to laugh or to moan."
—ERNESTINE EVANS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

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WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT ASIA

(*Continued from page* 5)

pinos, will in time, both on the grounds of cultural ties and community of economic interests, seek to reëstablish their relations with China and India, which were on such a close and friendly footing before the coming of the white man. But his preoccupation leads him to sidetrack this real issue, and consequently he fails to make the most of a splendid opportunity to interpret for us the part that India can logically be expected to play in shaping Asia's destiny.

So, having examined the basis of these rival claims to speak for Asia, I think that instead of denouncing Dr. Lin Yutang's latest effort we ought to thank him for so courageously revealing the true state of Asiatic sentiment, unpalatable though the revelation may be.

The danger of not heeding him is that a misunderstanding of the situation may lead Americans to believe that they have a post-war mission in Asia to do just what Asiatics most fear—namely to try to impose a uniform cultural pattern, the American pattern—upon an unwilling Asia. As Coomaraswamy reminds us, even if, as we may hope, after this war our political and economic relations with Asia will have been established on a just basis, the West may still imagine that it has a "civilizing mission." In the eyes of Asiatics this is "nothing but a megalomania."

More than a hundred years ago Lord Macaulay saw visions of a new breed in India which would be "Indian in blood and color, but English in tastes, in opinion, in morals and in intellect." Today disillusion has almost blotted out that vision in England. Of Maud Diver, the author of "Royal India," a reviewer remarked that "she wants India to love and imitate England and the royal family, but in her heart she is convinced that the imitation must fail. After all Indians can never be English, and this for her is apparently the real tragedy of India." But Main Street is less ready to accept defeat. For it the words of Macaulay still hold good, reading only "Asiatic" for "Indian" and "American" for "English."

If we of the West wish to arrive at a better understanding with the East we must recognize that Asiatics will not necessarily respond to the same appeals that we do, since their goals, even their ideas as to what constitutes happiness, may be quite different from ours. However, a search for agreement in prinicple may succeed where the effort to achieve uniformity of method will only lead to disappointment and friction. Modernization there certainly will be in Asia. But industrialization need not necessarily mean our factory system, democracy may be built on the Chinese village system rather than on the parliamentary model. Even a modern education, as the Dutch have discovered in East Java, can advantageously combine the traditional and the Western methods, and may then pave the way to a highly functional cultural synthesis, not a "relapse to orientalism." If we really wish to help the Asiatics we could do worse than accept Ruskin's truth, that the only way to help others is to find out first what they have been trying to do for themselves and then help them to do it better.

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Popular Shorts

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN AND OTHER STORIES. By James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

RUNYON A LA CARTE. By Damon Runyon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 192 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE American short story, which went through a revolutionary change shortly after the First World War, is again in a rut. The plotless, slice-of-life story that Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, and various lesser-known writers who were published in the little magazines did so much to develop, has come to a standstill. A good many such stories are still turned out, but they show no advance over earlier examples of this school of writing. The James T. Farrell stories are competent, workmanlike jobs, although they seem a bit like fragments from his longer works, but they all tell a tale that has often been told—by Farrell himself. Here again is Irish-Catholic life in Chicago, with a few stories on other themes as variations. One of them concerns a highly-paid Hollywood writer who is dissatisfied with his life; another, "Tommy Gallagher's Crusade," deals with the American Firsters, but most of them are the standard Farrell product, a product that by now has become as familiar as the local-color stories of the eighteen nineties. Farrell's writing naturally differs a great deal from that of his more genteel predecessors, but he has set a pattern for what he does so that one knows just what to expect from him. He is an honest writer, but he has already often said what he has to say.

The tradition of the popular magazine story, written solely for entertainment and profit, is still ably carried on by Damon Runyon, who has a vast audience of admirers waiting for his work. Here again his Broadway characters go through their paces, eat at Lindy's, bet on the races, mix with gangsters, and get involved in unlikely but amazing situations. To read him is to hear echoes of the recent past. His unvarying style, in which every verb is in the present tense, has practically become his trademark. His odd twists of plot have made his stories popular movie material, and Hollywood doubtless will continue to use more of them.

Two more disparate writers than Farrell and Runyon could hardly be found. Yet they have one thing in common—they are both repeating themselves.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before September 6.

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HOUSEKEEPER wanted for bachelor's 17th floor sumptuous New York apartment. Write fully. Box 850-J.

LITERARY CONTEST: Open to amateurs and professionals. Long stories, $25. Short stories, $20. Light essays or sketches, $20. Poems, $20. Send for rules, or address manuscripts now to "The Villager," Bronxville, New York.

LIBRARIAN wants position, college or public, preferably New England. Experience government documents, circulation, reference, cataloguing, periodicals. Box 738-J.

FEMALE GRADUATE seeks interesting work evenings, weekends, environs Manhattan. Intelligent, adaptable. Box 861-J.

DASH OF ORIGINALITY—Ideas theatrical, according to taste. Seasoned with male attributes. Dished up for femininity. Send off, as letter, please, to be savored by veritable lover of good things. Box 862-J.

YOUNG WOMAN desires correspondence from interesting young men. Box 863-J.

PICARESQUE, a superlative novel. $35.00, 12 cents individual pages. SONNETS composed, $3.00—humorous, lyrically inspired, passionate, esthetically motivated or In Memoriam. Box 43-J.

WOMEN OF QUALITY are invited to correspond with successful, versatile writer, for mutual benefit. Widower by death, childless. Interested any type diversion. Box 864-J.

WRITER-EDITOR, now employed, newspaper and magazine background, former movie and drama critic, desires to make change. Publishing house or periodical preferred. Well-versed in literature. Keen analytical sense. Production experience. Outstanding ability. Box 865-J.

SOLDIER working in Army Special Services Entertainment needs material. "Blackouts," skits, risqué songs, impersonations, etc., suitable for shows by soldiers and for soldiers, sailors, marines. Any and all ideas and material greatly appreciated by myself and your boys. Box 866-J.

WANTED: Rowing machine. LO 7-1799. (NYC).

FOR RENT: Furnished farm house, 6 rooms, one-half mile to stores, doctor, and church. Blanche Howe, Strafford, Vermont.

ENGLISH GIRL, fond of music, books, outdoors, wishes fellow Briton correspondent. Box 868-J.

(*Continued on page* 22)

"If it were quite certain that whoever writes the peace treaty — whether Mr. Roosevelt or another — would be hanged the instant the treaty was ratified, any reasonable agreement would be ratified like a shot. Unfortunately, though, the writer of a good treaty will not be hanged but will be praised and admired, and this a certain number of Senators cannot endure. Therefore, they will certainly try to kill any treaty that may be made, and with the two-thirds rule to assist them they have a good chance of doing so. You think not? Then read this book* and see what happened before." —

— GERALD W. JOHNSON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

* **THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE By Ruhl J. Bartlett, $2.50. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, No. Carolina**

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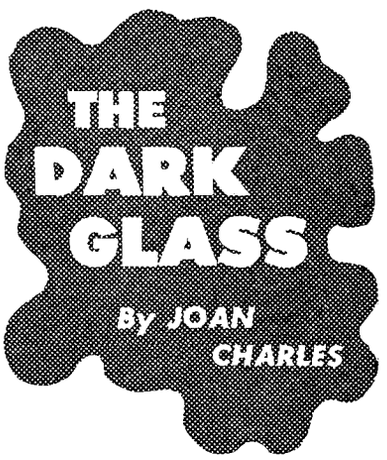

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—Rose Feld, *Herald Tribune Book Review*

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 21)

FARM FOR SALE: 130 acres. Very good buildings. Would sell less acreage. $1800. Carl Howe, Strafford, Vermont.

PENNSYLVANIAN, plagued by aloneness of mind, seeks escape via feminine correspondences. Box 869-J.

ARTIST, young, male, alone in haunted ivory tower, would like to hear from brother towerites. Box 901-J.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER, experienced, young, M.A. in Music, pianist, puppeteer, handicrafter, wishes permanent position, preferably college kindergarten. Box 871-J.

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IS THERE an Irishman interested in sea, country, and managing small sports inns? Young woman would like to exchange letters, ideas. Box 873-J.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, tall, blonde, desires correspondence with business or professional man, past thirty-five. Box 874-J.

VOLUMINOUS letter writer, politically inclined, fortyish, invites comment. Box 875-J.

VIVACIOUS BLOND, New England Yankee, weary of southern drawl, anxious to correspond with British Canadian. Box 876-J.

SERIOUS GENTLEMAN, thirtyish, loves classical music, motor-boating, photography. Interested in business and truck farming. Wishes sincere, lady correspondent. Box 877-J.

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL literary man, fortyish, going stale, would appreciate mail on varied subjects from ladies, varied ages. Special interest: Mountains. Box 878-J.

TEACHER, widow, aged thirty, seeks correspondence with persons living or having lived in Central or South America. Box 879-J.

IS THERE AN EMPLOYER in radio, theatre, publishing, who would take a chance on an ingenious gal who can write, edit, type, do research, assist intelligently. Salary secondary. Box 880-J.

YOUNG MAN, single, attractive, discerning, aware, cultured, poised, outstanding "psychic," creative thinker, wants travel or country opportunity as companion, advisor. Box 881-J.

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SHY, demure, reticent gentleman, thirtyish, wishes correspondence with twentyish, thirtyish, fortyish lady. Box 882-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, diversified interests, desires congenial correspondence. Box 898-J.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
2. Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet B. Stowe.
3. Mrs. Gummidge, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. Dr. John H. Watson, in "A Study in Scarlet," by A. Conan Doyle.
5. Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," by W. M. Thackeray.
6. Mark Antony, in "Julius Caesar," by Shakespeare.
7. Brutus Jones, in "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.
8. "Abou Ben Adhem," by Leigh Hunt.
9. Yum-Yum, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
10. "Galahad," by Alfred Tennyson.

PERSONALS

CHILDREN'S adventure author seeks correspondence with interested members of opposite sex. Box 883-J.

MIDWESTERN GIRL would enjoy hearing from others upon whose thinking the works of Thomas Wolfe left great impact. Box 884-J.

HUMORIST, comedian, exchanges laughs with you—by correspondence, for fun. Box 885-J.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS TEACHER, middle west, experienced public school, college, traveled, wants settle Eastern small town, teach college or private school. Masters degree, excellent references. Box 886-J.

GENTLEMAN would like to hear from woman, thirtyish, who is interested in music, drama, and who would share his other varied interests, which are many. Box 887-J.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, bachelor, thirtyish, desires intelligent, feminine correspondence. Box 888-J.

EASTERN YOUNG WOMAN with books and muliebrity invites correspondence with gentleman of integrity and imagination. Box 889-J.

AS AN EXPERIMENT in astrological compatibility, I would like to hear from and probably correspond with anyone born between Oct. 23 and Nov. 24. Box 890-J.

BACHELOR GAL wonders about others in same boat. Correspond? Box 891-J.

WANTED: Managing editor and a business manager for magazine of ideas published in Southwest. Magazine experience essential, preferably "New Yorker," "Time," "Reader's Digest." State views on world federation, races and any deep conviction. Excellent salaries, considerable scope for initiative. Send snapshot, give age, health, present salary, and samples of work. Box 892-J.

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GENTLEMAN, 50, single, excellent character, education, business experience. Interests: life, people, nature. Good knowledge philosophy, psychology, metaphysics. Employed, seeking more expressive work where knowledge and understanding would be helpful. References. Box 899-J.

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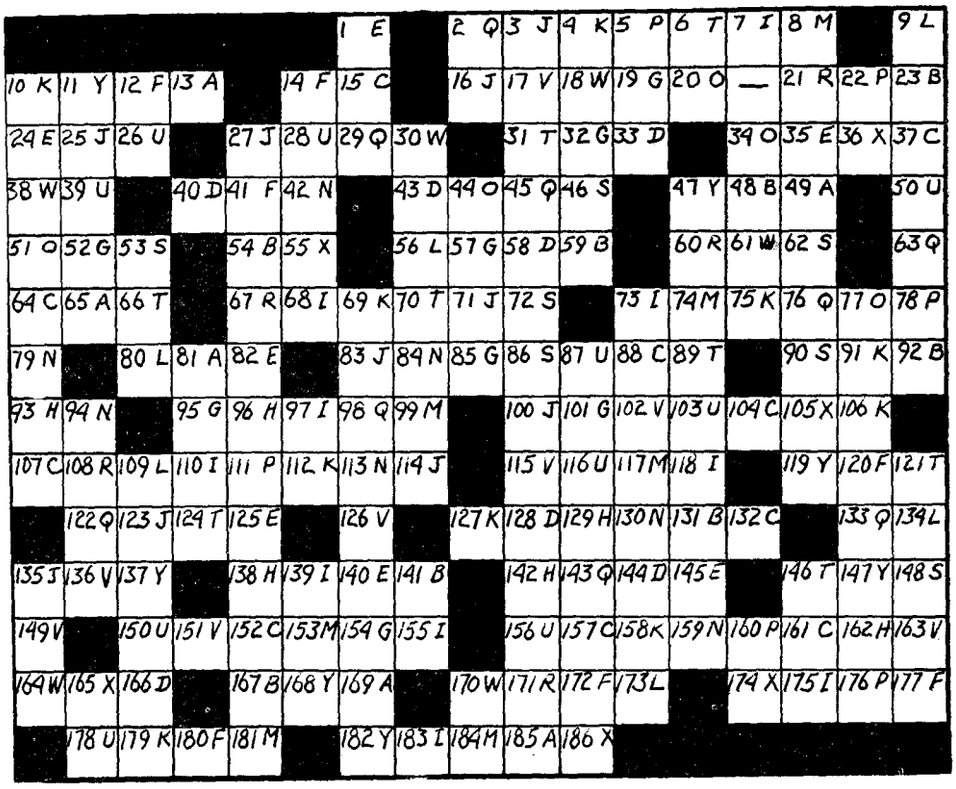
The Crostics Club

A COMMON regret from puzzlers, including a recent one from Gelett Burgess, is pity for me that I cannot enjoy solving my DCs. In the early days when I had some time for it I used to work the ones ambitious solvers sent me, and, though I cannot afford that luxury now, I do delight, with many of you, in the by-paths to which the quotations lead me. After I had finished "Catherine of Aragon" this week I was tempted to take down my well-worn copy of Henry VIII, and with no such intent I selected from it a quotation to companion the one from "Catherine of Aragon" for Series 17. The prophecy by Cranmer in the final scene, at the christening of Anne Boleyn's Princess Elizabeth in 1533, predicting the greatness of her reign as Queen, sounded most un-Shakespearian and I mused at the same time on the accuracy with which events were forecast. To satisfy this curiosity I turned to the introduction of my charming little Temple volume, to learn that the play was acted on June 29, 1613 whereas Elizabeth had died in 1603. Further, I read that an accepted study of the play made by Spedding in 1850 attributes some of it, including that last scene, to contemporaries, among them Fletcher; and that it was while a cannon was being fired in the course of Richard Burbage's acting of it on that same occasion that the thatch caught fire and destroyed the Globe Theatre. From that introduction I was led to pore for several hours over certain historical lives in my WBD to straighten out affairs! So there you are—or rather, I was!

I don't know whether that choice little red leather Temple set is published today, but if so I suggest it for birthdays if, as then, it can be bought in separate volumes. My first volumes came to me from my family when I was taking a Shakespearian course with Katherine Lee Bates. Thereafter when friends asked what I wanted for my birthday it was always another Temple volume. In time it was completed as were those I in turn gave to others. Today I take down my "King Lear" to read on its title page the name of the giver and the occasion—this one my first day at Harvard with my brother's friend as a souvenir from the Co-op; or my "Merchant of Venice," from Stratford-on-Avon, sent by a classmate in our undergraduate days—and so on.

"I hasten to your defense," writes Steven Byington, "not that I have heard that you were attacked; but I know perfectly well you will hear from the phrase 'Horace Walpole's Prime-Ministry' in your column of July 1. You had better confess error; but you can show that your error was shared by the 'New International Encyclopedia' which under *Deffand* says, 'Horace Walpole, the famous English Premier.'" E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 540

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1910 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The Castle in which Milton's "Masque of Comus" was given.

B. A genus of fossil rhinoceroses of the Miocene and Pliocene of America.

C. Conduciveness to an end.

D. The treaty that acknowledged William III King of England and Anne his successor.

E. Greek historian of 4th cent. B. C.—author of Universal History, 29 books.

F. English composer of sacred music and publisher of same (1781-1861).

G. Vivid; stimulating.

H. Composer of "Dixie," the war song of the South (1815-1904).

I. Curved, angular missiles that return almost to the starting place (Egypt, etc.)

J. Utters a sentiment by way of interruption.

K. A space on a ship not a part of anyone's duty (Naut.; 2 wds.)

L. One who agrees with everything said of him.

M. One of the great epics of literature (with *The*).

N. Sturdy and thickset young beasts (Australia).

O. The part of the body to be girded for effort (Bib.)

P. Stage name of Brodribb (1838-1905).

Q. Rejects, discards (2 wds.)

R. A tine of a fork; a fang.

S. Skippers of junks in China.

T. King who expelled Canute from England (1014).

U. A greeting of inquiry for one's health or welfare (comp.; colloq.)

V. 4th son of David.

W. American cartoonist and illustrator ("House Boat on the Styx.")

X. Grief; distress; anguish (poetic).

Y. One of the six orthodox systems of Hindu philosophy.

WORDS

65 49 169 13 81 185

167 23 59 141 131 48 92 54

64 88 132 15 37 107 157 104 152 161

144 40 166 33 128 58 43

145 24 35 1 140 82 125

120 14 172 177 180 12 41

85 154 19 32 101 95 57 52

93 138 142 96 162 129

73 175 139 155 68 7 97 183 110 118

3 135 71 25 27 100 123 114 83 16

4 91 10 75 112 106 127 69 179 158

80 173 9 56 134 109

184 153 181 8 99 74 117

84 42 113 79 159 130 94

20 51 77 44 34

111 160 176 22 78 5

76 133 98 45 122 29 143 2 63

21 108 171 60 67

86 82 46 53 148 90 72

124 146 31 6 66 70 89 121

50 178 150 39 28 103 87 156 26 116

163 136 126 149 151 115 102 17

164 30 61 18 170 38

165 55 174 36 105 186

137 119 168 182 147 47 11

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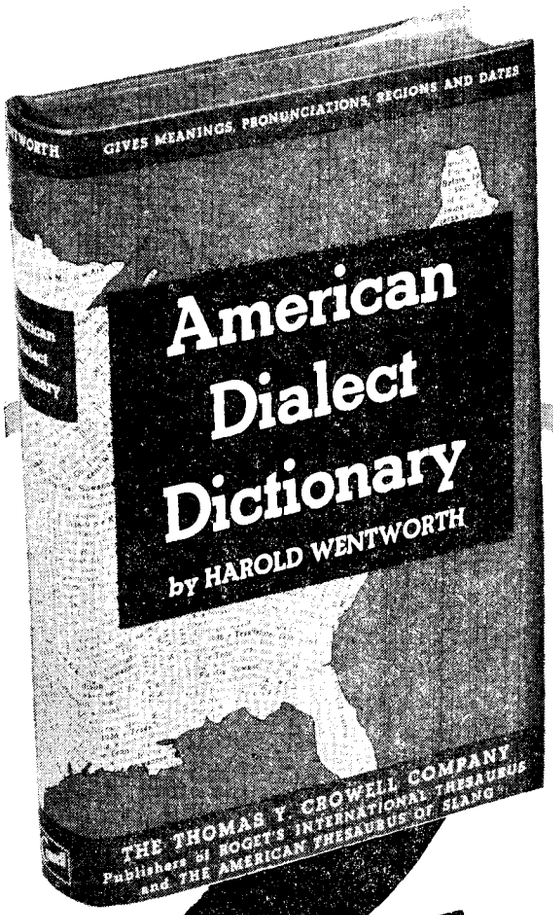
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